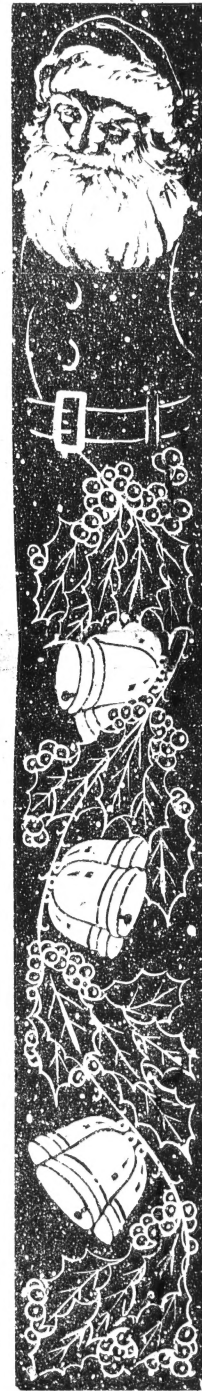
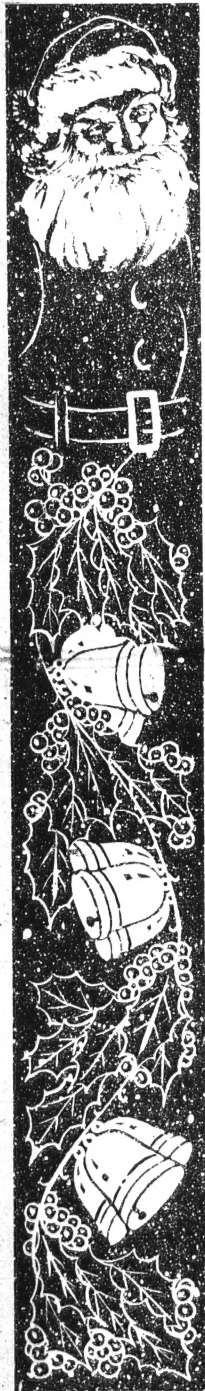


Provincial Library

Blairmore Enterprise Christmas 1925



Merry Christmas

A Christmas Reverie

THIS is the homing season. Also the time when photographs abound—and my mind is much taken up with both. Sallies to the scenes of other days, and snapshots of faces, some erstwhile forgotten—these are the distinguishable features of the Christmas mood.

I am sitting by a hearth fire, and all hearth fires have, somewhere in their glowing bosom, the embers of the days of yore. Quite unclassified, quite defiant of the order of time or place, these Christmas reveries meander, these Yuletide vignettes flash upon memory's screen and disappear. Fragmentary, unassorted, they yet mark the trail of the friendly years.

The first has its scene in Ottawa, year, the first of my ministerial life. Am in my room in the Victoria Chambers, seated in an armchair, and it is Christmas Eve. Knock at door; which, opened, admits a midge of a bell-boy with two little parcels in his hand, send parcels containing two pathetically cheap presents: "For Mr. Haley and Mary (eleven-year man and his chiding daughter)—just a little Christmas wit, 'cause I can't afford very much, you see, 'bein' as how I only get four dollars a week and no keep—'n', besides, me chum borrowed thirty cents off me to go to the lacrosse match last fall an' he ain't paid me back," the childish face showing equal parts of benevolence and financial care. Beautiful, this—and as common as beautiful—this mutual generosity of the poor.

Four years have passed; and the scene is marvelously changed. No snow now, nor chiming skigh-bells, nor resonant sidewalk crisp beneath the hurrying feet. But the December sun is pouring down upon a picnic party in the pine woods of North Carolina, those woods re-echoing to the shout and laughter of merry voices, most of which are silent now. Some the stroke of an axe is heard, wielded by a burly negro—and, a few minutes later, a tall holly tree crashes to the mossy ground, its green foliage and gleaming berries splintering in the sun. Later still, a couple of darkies loaded like beasts of burden, the holly-laden party, a few with great bundles of the mystic mistletoe, are in Indian file making their way to the boats, song re-echoing as we cross to the stately southern home, its fireplace lighted for the last hundred years and more, that crowns the river's farther bank.

Six more years have fled, after their relentless way. I am sitting before my own fire, north again, in "the hill-girt town." We are at family worship, and in my lap there nestles a golden-curl'd girl of four. For nearly a week she and I had followed the course of Santa Claus: "North Pole, Ft. Churchill, Hudson Bay, Temarami, etc." I reported from time to time. But ever comin' closer! Our recital that night, that trembling stocking night, is of the feeding of the five thousand, and the dialogue was as follows:

"Wasn't that kind of him, my darling, to feed all those poor, hungry people?"

"Yes," the glowing eyes averted one brief moment from the fire; "but, where do you suppose Santa Claus is now?"

Yet four more years have gone. It is Christmas here again, and I am driving back to town from a farm-house where the head of the house lies in agony, his last Christmas almost at the door. The same childish form, taller and developed now, is beside me in the cutter as we glide along the sleigh-bells merrier than their wont, stars a little brighter, mantle of snow touched with a holier sheen. Suddenly I feel the trembling of the girl's hand where she nestles "plucks" at the sleeve of my coat, a curl-clustered head is burrowing into my side—and the sobbing of a child mingles with the music of the bells. I ask why, dully suspecting that the cause is what I fear, that someone has given her to eat of the tree of the knowledge of fact and phantasy. It is even so—and the little form is quite shaken with grief as "This is the first Christmas that I didn't know" comes from the trembling lips. I can only comfort and caress and murmur: "Life is full of these awakenings, my darling," and we go on thru the night that has lost, never to be restored, the wonder and the glory of a year before.

And is it not wonderful how, when we ransack the bygone years, we find, not the great and momentous things unfaded, but mostly trilling little episodes enshrouded in love, and nearly all linked to the vision of some childish face.

Gone now, and far away, are those childish features, and the wonder of life has retreated before its stride. In a home of her own, too, another fire lighted upon a new-laid hearth. Thus the holy cycle goes its way. Those curls have disappeared, and the locks are darker, yet no less dear. And surely, surely, there is no reason why she should not nestle as of yore upon that crest-churn of childhood, a father's knee, and surely those locks could rest again where they reposed of old. I am sorely tempted. The birds find that Southern path—and why not I?

One year later still; and the peaceful happiness of a Christmas morn'g passes again before me. Breakfast over; a little hymn, a little prayer; a little floating (thank God) over the rapture which I know the hurrying years are bound to shatter—and we stand athwart before the door of the room within which the laden tree awaits us. Entrance delicious as of yore—and then begins the divine and receptive. Some really beautiful gifts, no doubt, all forgotten now—but forgotten, and unlost or mislaid through the years, a little knitted bag (to hold some articles of toilet) handed to me by proud little daughter's hands. "The very first thing I ever did, daddy," face aglow with childish pride, mine with fatherly compassion. Surely a reassuring paragon for all poor efforts and service, yet precious in larger, other eyes than ours!—R. E. Knowles.

Cradle of Christian World

Of all the clustering clouds of ravishing reminiscences associated with a world-tour of 35,000 miles, memory holds no other gem so delightfully exquisite as that of a visit to Bethlehem. No other spot on earth is richer in religious treasure or more radiant with romantic and well-authenticated tradition. Viewed from any standpoint—topographical, historical, social or religious—Bethlehem is simply enchanting. Every change in the kaleidoscope is wondrously fascinating, and discloses a perfect picture of idyllic grace and charm. Once more, as "The Season of the Birth of Christ draws near," the imagination of the world will be centered there, catching overtones of its pastoral sympathy; while the instinct of Christian millenia will turn to it in tenderest affection and truest veneration. The heart of modern civilization awakes in mystic wonder, and finds its affinity with the primitive Judean shepherd, saying, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem."

The city walls have vanished; but the site of Bethlehem, determined by the long narrow mountain ridge, is precisely where it was 2,000 years ago. Entering the town at an elevation of 2,650 feet above the sea, the visitor has a magnificent view of the surrounding country, opening out like a panorama. To the east slopes the deep valley where Ruth "went down" in her sorrow. Over the softly rising hills

to the south are the plains in whose fields she gleaned "amidst the alien corn;" where also David walked—"In glory and in joy, Following his sheep along the mountain side."

On these plains, too, were the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night when the Angel of the Lord, accompanied by the Heavenly Host, announced the birth of "Christ the Lord."

Away to the horizon stand the purple hills of Moab, at whose feet in solemn stillness lie the deep blue waters of the Dead Sea. Almost immediately above the town towers Mount Jebel Fureidis, on the summit of which is the tomb of Herod, the Great, of execrated memory, who, in Bethlehem at least, needs no such monument in memory of the Massacre of the Innocents. For ailes around may be seen rich olive and fig groves intermingled with apricot orchards and vineyards each with its watch tower as in ancient times. The hillside are cultivated in terraces of "hanging gardens," and the stony plains are ploughed for cereal crops.

The town is solidly and closely built. The streets are generally narrow, with houses of two or three storeys, constructed of yellowish-white limestone, and topped with flat roofs. The central thoroughfare is occupied by workshops, whose floors are strewn with men and material. The chief industry is the manufacture of "articles de touriste." Souvenirs in olive wood, medallions from mother-of-pearl, engravings on shell and stone of incidents from the life of our Lord, with other similar curios, are everywhere conspicuous in almost embarrassing profusion. In this art alone one-third of Bethlehem workers find employment. The remainder are shepherds, quarrymen, husbandmen, tradesmen and merchants. The population, which is estimated variously from 5,000 to 8,000, is almost entirely Christian; and, apart from the occasional outbursts of sectarian animosity, the Latin, Greek, and Armenian Churches are on enviable terms of friendship—for Eastern communities.

Boasting a strain of Crusaders' blood, the Bethlehemites are altogether the finest human type to be met with in Southern Palestine, and their sartorial appearance is highly picturesque. The men dress in a bright-colored gown over a white undershirt, the head being covered with a turban or fez. The women's chief garment is a long narrow tunic of blue cotton, tied at the waist, and relieved with a red embroidered stole. The matrons are distinguished from the maidens by a differentiating arrangement of beehives; the married ladies wearing a sort of cap adorned with gold and silver sequins—their only cover—while the spinsters display a ribbon in their hair. All the women have veils, but these are thrown back so as to fall in long, graceful lines, about the figure, to which they lend a charming dignity. The exposed face of the Bethlehemite woman is distinctly beautiful—not a brunette, but with a bright, clear complexion, large eyes, and delicately shaped mouth—and she carries herself so admirably as to appear taller than she really is.

Of course, the supreme object of interest in Bethlehem is the reputed place of the Nativity. Superstition and the emulation of garrulous sects have led to the multiplication of sacred sites in the Holy Land. Many of these are doubtful, to say the

least, and some are without question apocryphal. Fortunately, however, the place indicated with reverence as the Cave of the Nativity is not among these. Ancient, continuous, and well-authenticated tradition stamps this as one of the most genuine shrines in Palestine. The credibility of this tradition is supported by no less an authority than Conder, who observes in his "Tent Work in Palestine" that "the rude grotto with its rocky manger may, it seems to me, be accepted even by the most sceptical of modern explorers." Within a generation of the death of the last of the Apostles, Justin Martyr, himself a native of Nablus, speaks of the Saviour's birth as having taken place "in a certain cave close to the village." The fact of its early sacredness is demonstrated by the method taken by Hadrian (A.D. 117-138) to desecrate it by causing a grove in honor of Adonis to be planted above the cave, so that pagan wanton rites might be performed over the very spot where the Holy Child Jesus was born. This grove was subsequently cut down by Constantine in order that the Empress Helena might rear (A.D. 308-327) the basilica which is still standing there, the most ancient Christian Church in the world.

The Church of the Nativity presents the outward appearance of a fortress. The huge central doorway has been almost entirely built up, leaving the only entrance by a "needle's eye," which symbolically teaches each worshipper, at least, the virtue of humility. The interior is spacious but bare. The aisles have flat roofs above the pillars of red and white marble with Corinthian capitals, but the nave has a clerestory, with walls thirty feet above the capitals, and a pointed roof. A wall, built across the east end of the basilica, cuts off the chancel. Evidently at one time the entire church was richly adorned with gold and mosaics, of which some remnants still exist, but the ravages of time and the hand of the spoiler have left their marks. Underneath the choir, by a staircase of thirteen marble steps, the crypt containing the Chapel of the Nativity is reached. The Chapel—once a rude cave—is now paved and walls with marble, roofed with gold and silk, and lighted with fifty-three lamps. Immediately to the left is the shrine, unspeakably sacred to Christendom. From an arch about four feet high hang fifteen silver lamps, and in the centre of the floor is a silver star with the inscription "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus Est."

The site itself is infinitely touching, but as I gazed upon it an unspeakable tenderness invested it by the presence of eight women robed in white praying silently and, in turn, kissing the star. I followed, and found the slab glistening with tears. Indescribably sad is it that this same silver star has a tale to tell not altogether of "peace and good-will to men." That it should have been used as a wedge for sowing the seeds of the world by war is one of those episodes the world would willingly forget to-day. To-day we stand with the wondering shepherds and worshipping magi by the spot where was witnessed the greatest event of all time—the Divine assumption of humanity. The world will never permit the tender idyll of Bethlehem to die. May it not forget the truth enshrined in the quaint old lines—
"Though arise a thousand times in Bethlehem be born.
If He's not born in thee, thy soul is still forlorn.
Oh, would thy heart be but a manger for His birth,
God would once more become a Child upon the earth."

'Twill Never Die

The Christmas Festival of goodwill, fellowship, and peace has lost none of its popularity in its passage through the ages.

Nineteen hundred and twenty-five finds us welcoming it as heartily as did our ancestors a thousand years ago, before railways, telephones, radio or automobiles were even dreamed about.

It awakens dormant feelings and aspirations which the clamor of worldly life stifles and deadens.

It opens deep springs of brotherhood and love, from whence flow desires to bless with gifts and good wishes.

WE WISH EVERYONE THE
COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

W. L. EVANS

NEW and SECOND-HAND FURNITURE

BLAIRMORE

ALBERTA

THE SEASON'S BEST WISHES

S. TRONO

WATCHMAKER and JEWELER

— For Gifts That Last —

We Have Them for Everybody

BLAIRMORE

ALBERTA

May all Good Things Come Your Way
this Christmas and New Year

CROWS' NEST FLOUR & FEED STORE

Martin Kubik, Manager

BLAIRMORE

ALBERTA

WISHING ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

P. BURNS & CO.

COLEMAN

BLAIRMORE

HILLCREST

Best Wishes for
A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

J. E. UPTON

Tailor to the People of the Crows' Nest Pass

BLAIRMORE

ALBERTA

We Extend to the People of
Blairmore and District Our Heartiest Greetings
and assure them of our
continued desires to be of service during 1926

KNAPMAN PLUMBING & HEATING CO.

BLAIRMORE, ALBERTA

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS
TO EVERYBODY

MARK SARTORIS

DISTRIBUTOR FOR THE CROWS' NEST PASS

SOFT DRINKS. CRYSTAL ICE CREAM

Xmas Bricks and Novelties

BLAIRMORE

Phone 298

ALBERTA

Wishing You All
A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

GILLIS & MACKENZIE

SOLICITORS, NOTARIES

BLAIRMORE

ALBERTA

WISHING OUR MANY PATRONS A
MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR
and assuring them of the same efficient
service for 1926

J. JOSEPH

DRY GOODS

HILLCREST

ALBERTA

We Extend to the People of the Crows' Nest Pass
Our Heartiest Greetings for the Christmas Season
and may the
New Year bring Happiness and Prosperity

J. S. D'APPOLONIA

CONTRACTOR and BUILDER

All Kinds of Building Supplies in Stock

COLEMAN

ALBERTA

The Blairmore Enterprise

THE BLAIRMORE ENTERPRISE CHRISTMAS NUMBER, MONDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1926.

Our Greeting



CHRISTMAS is the season when heart calls unto heart. "Amidst the general call to happiness, the bustle of the spirits, and stir of the affections, which prevail at this period, what boom can remain insensible?" said the poet.

It is one day at least when suspicion, hate and gloom find but little space for lodgment in human breasts; when people forget the things that worry and fix their minds upon the many things for which they may be thankful; when the spirit of cheer exists in sufficient bounty to reach us all.

Any unhappiness, any sense of the thorns of life, may be sunk in contemplation of the joy which the day brings to so large a part of the world; especially to the children of our immediate world; for the day was born with a Child and has remained largely a festival of the young, its sanctified ideals strengthened by childish purity, recreating faith, hope and charity in their elders.

Then, let us make this Christmas purposeful; a season of regenerated feeling, of love, peace and good will. Let us hang the holly and the evergreen; let us promote the surge of joy. In this spirit, we wish you all

A Merry Christmas

THE PUBLISHERS

(Copyright, 1926)

YE OLDEN YEWLE TYDE

The levid people than algates agree,
And caroles singen everi criste messe tyde
Not with schamfastenness bot jocondle,
And holy bowghes aboute and al assyde
The brenning fire hem eten, hem drinke,
And laughen merrell, and maken route,
And pype and dansen, and hem rage; ne swinke,
Ne moe thynghe els, rwalve daye they wolde not.

—Medieval English



Christmas

Once more we reach a finger post,
Upon life's broad highway
To keep a tryst with Father Time
Who comes with greetings gay.
Leave care and trouble to themselves
Let pleasure hold full sway.
Hark to the laughter and the song,
All hail to Christmas Day.

The old folks and the youngsters join
In play and merry jest,
Or in the singing of the songs
That old folks love the best.
Because the memories that they bring
Are like a golden ray
Luminous all the happy hours
That crowd the Christmas Day.

To our Many Friends and Patrons
WE WISH A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND
PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

JOHN A. KERR
High-Class Men's Furnishings
BLAIRMORE ALBERTA

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS TO ALL

THE PEOPLE'S BAKERY
P. COLOMBO, PROP.

BLAIRMORE ALBERTA

FOR CHRISTMAS
We have Plain and Fancy Pastry, Cakes of All Kinds, Xmas Boxes,
Molre' Chocolates, Old Country Plum Puddings,
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF TOYS

Simplifying Christmas

The following paper was read at a recent meeting of the Comansville Women's Institute:

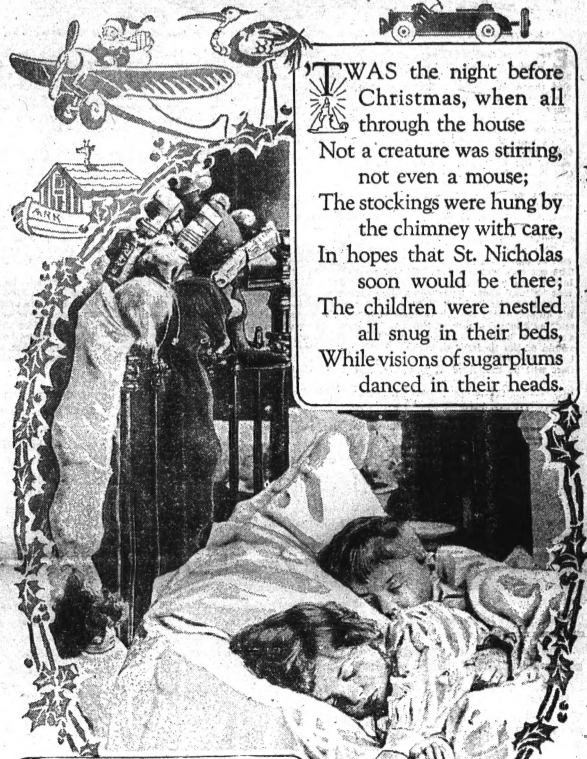
Upon studying the subject of Christmas as it is today, I find the task of "simplifying Christmas" rather an arduous one, so I am simply mapping a few remarks on this great festival. All of us will be saying to each other "A Merry Christmas." Christmas enjoyment expresses itself in hearty greetings of goodwill, in the forms of gifts, and games and feasting. Our ideals of Christmas are quite largely established in family life. Among the chief pleasures to look back upon in after years are family Christmas customs. The family in its present day hurry may be getting away from the real Christmas. There is a tendency of more dissipation and less enjoyment. Society has acquired a more enlightened and elegant tone, but it has lost many of its home-bred feelings, its honest fireside delights. The giving of gifts is a time-honored custom, which binds friendship and strengthens family ties. The custom was established as a symbol of the gift of Christ to the world, and as such reminds us—"Not what he gives, but what we glare, for the gift without the giver is bare." Most of us lived in homes of modest circumstances; the gifts we gave at Christmas time were inexpensive, almost always fashioned by our own hands—built by hours of happy thought interwoven with our love. They breathed our individuality. In the olden days they made their Christmas one of merriment—we make ours one of giving mostly. Our danger in the modern Christmas is overdoing the giving, not that we give too much in a material sense, but that we give too many gifts of a material sort. Christmas, that should be a time of merriment, becomes instead a time of burden. A mad race to secure presents for a growing number of friends makes it a time of weariness for the generous giver, and a strenuous time for those who are the victims of the last week's "hoggers." Now my idea of simplifying Christmas is to give only when the Christ spirit goes with the gift. But out giving of an expensive gift to some so-called friend, given only because we received one equally as expensive last year. Do not leave out a friend, a neighbor, or even the stranger without our gates. Pretty, but inexpensive greeting cards will give cheer to the receiver.

If one has talent and takes the care to collect gifts the task becomes one simple. One person may paint or sketch, another do dainty needlework, another may do delicious cooking. Last year I received a pair of slippers, neatly dressed in holly paper—needless to say I enjoyed it.

I have said considerable about giving, as in our day it seems to come first. Now for the feasting, the busy housewife finds joy in making people happy with her Christmas pies, puddings, etc., but in order now not to make it a burden, she must commence her Christmas feast at least six weeks ahead. Fill the cookie jars, make the Christmas cakes, puddings, and even the pies as in our climate they keep excellent at this time.

As for the Christmas tree and the games, to keep Christmas in the church joyfully, yet reverently, to give the children—yes, and the grown ups, too, bright anticipations and pleasant memories, to make it the happiest season of the year, to do all this without heavy tax on time or money is a problem. Someone must plan well in advance, but each child and adult should be given a part. Decorations may be beautiful yet inexpensive. Many of them may be laid away from year to year, and still seem new each year. The artificial

The Night Before Christmas



'T WAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums danced in their heads.

AND filled all the stockings;
then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

—Clement Clarke Moore.

Photo © by Horace H. Nichols



holly wreaths are almost as effective as the real ones. Ropes of tinsel, red or green paper, artificial poinsettias, and any green found in the woods add to the Christmas note of color. Few memories are more vivid than those brought back by the pungent odor of Christmas evergreens. The Christmas time is truly the children's festival and we should endeavor to crowd in all possible. It does not take a big expenditure. Let the children decorate the house and bring the Christmas tree. Have them run your messages and carry gifts to the neighbors.

In closing, may I leave with you this little paragraph which might

help in emphasizing the spirit of Christmas for the children.

But if we were to enter truly into the spirit of Christmas let us remember that the sweetest joys are those we share, and in planning for the gladness of the little folks who are near and dear to us, let us not forget those less fortunate. Even in a land so bounteous as ours, there is no village, indeed hardly a street, which does not house a child whom circumstances has robbed of the prospect of the happy Christmas which is his or her right. Let us then open our hearts, our doors, our purses, and resolve to do our share towards seeing that every child in the land is fed and

warm and happy this blessed Christmas Day, remembering that it is our Lord Himself who said "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Bill says: "Instead of learning from experience, some people never recover from them!"

Flowing Language

"How is your son getting along at college?"
"He must be doing pretty well in languages. I have just paid for three courses—\$10 for Latin, \$10 for Greek and \$100 for Scotch."

Tide of Christmas Traffic Flows East



1.—Typical Christmas scene in Montreal. 2.—Finish of Eastern Dog Derby in Quebec. 3.—Riding and Skiing in Winter.

Ever since that time, some years ago now, when the West was discovered by the East as the most likely place to amass a fortune in the briefest possible time, and the simple words, "Go West, young man!" were the best advice a parent could give a son; well, ever since that time, the young man who heeded the advice has been coming back East at least once a year, and that once is generally Christmas.

Perhaps the young man has amassed no great fortune; perhaps he has; and perhaps again he has fared rather ill; but in any event he usually finds that as Christmas draws near, recollections of his childhood, his Christmas stocking, the tree at home, the plum pudding or the turkey and cranberries, constitute too powerful a memory to negate. And because these recollections are so potent, transportation companies operate special services to handle what they call the Christmas traffic.

This year the crop has been extremely good; money will be more free in the West than for some time past. The season's work is done and the Westerner will have lots of time on his hands. If he has few financial worries he may spend quite some time in the East; there is much to attract him. There is the social life in the big hotels, where all is luxurious comfort; winter sports such as hockey, skating, sleigh riding and tobogganing to indulge in, or to watch, if he so prefers, the round of the theatres to make, where he will hear the tunes that will be popular for the year, or see the plays that will be discussed at most civilized dinner tables;

and if he has brought friend wife, there are the shops to visit, though many a man has found this a costly pastime, more so perhaps, than poker or the races.

However, from every angle, the season in the East is rich and pleasant. That side of the continent is a magnet for holiday seekers and it is at that particular time that the ancient provinces reclaim their sons, if only for the briefest of visits. This year it will have visitors galore.

The Canadian Pacific Railway announce that many inquiries and requests for reservations have already been made at their agencies throughout western Canada. This would indicate the likelihood of a huge volume of traffic moving in an easterly direction this December. A portion of it will no doubt move straight through to the British Isles and the Continent, as many settlers are originally from those places. The Canadian Pacific will run special trains from all western centres, connecting directly with their Atlantic liners, sailing from the winter port of Saint John, N.B., to all the larger ports in northern Europe.

But the great portion of the traffic will be pointed for Eastern Canada and the company will facilitate its movement by offering special train services and special tourist cars that will obviate the necessity of change at any point along the route, and further than this, special excursion rates will be given. These conditions will prevail from December 5th to January 5th, and will be effective from all stations in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

A TRIP OVER THE

NEW HIGHWAY

Passburg, Alberta,

7th December, 1925

Editor Enterprise,

Dear Sir:

I read the other day where the Hon. Alex. Ross, minister of public works, contemplates making some changes in the highway regulations. The idea is commendable and timely. Accidents, such as falling off the highway, are bound to be of frequent occurrence, now that the new highway is being used, unless some very stringent regulations are passed and a measure of enforcement, carried out.

The new highway constructed in this vicinity during the past summer and fall is, in its present state, a dangerous road. Safety first should have been one of the first considerations in building the road, but what do we find? Hazards have been created where there were none before; embankments have been built where there was absolutely no need for them; contractors have been allowed to dig holes from a foot to ten and twelve feet deep along the side of the road; side-hill cuts made and left unprotected.

Let us take a trip from say Burnis to Bellevue. We will pass up the three or four feet of useless embankment in the vicinity of the Burnis school, and take a look at the culvert at Dead Man Coulee. The culvert is a fine piece of concrete work, but on the top of the concrete there is some sixteen feet of a gravel embankment, that may be permissible on a railway grade where the traffic is carried on rails, but I have no recollection of ever seeing anything like it on a public highway. And to enhance the danger there is a nice curve coming out to the fill from the east. For the next half mile the road has been graded up, the one and only advantage gained will be that the wind will get a better lick at it. On the hill going down into the Police Flat, a great deal of money has been spent. The consensus of opinion I have heard expressed is that the money has not been wisely spent.

In passing let us glance at the bridge at the Police Flat creek—a wooden structure badly located to take care of the volume of water that comes down that creek at times. You will notice that they have cut out the

other bridge, the one used to go up the hill to Passburg. The Hon. Alex. Ross assured me verbally on two occasions that the road through Passburg would be left there. That I think was a great condescension on his part, but to be candid, I never could see how he could move it or I am satisfied he would have tried to do so. The cutting out of the road across the bridge looks to me like a precautionary measure on the part of his competent staff of engineers to keep farmers and tourists from passing through Passburg. True, they did give us a sort of connection a few yards further on, but it is laid out in such a way that you are not supposed to see it.

The next half mile is probably the most expensive on the section. You will, perhaps, wonder, as I do, why the road was not laid out to avoid rock work as much as possible, why the sharp curve was put in the road, when it could have been kept straight, and the grade reduced by cutting down the ledge of rock east of Debeck's crossing.

Take notice of the natural grade south of Passburg church, that we residents of Passburg wanted the road to follow. It would have served the town, and incidentally shortened the highway by some three hundred yards; besides it would have meant a saving of thousands of dollars of public money.

The first objection to this route was that it would mean a side-hill cut, and side-hill cuts would not be tolerated on this new highway. I endeavored to persuade both Commissioner Davidson and Wallace that in view of the side-hill cuts they were bound to have immediately east of this point, that their argument was absurd. They then claimed that the road through the town was not suitable. Pressed for a reason, Davidson said they could not grade it up. Wallace a week or two earlier had said they could not get down. I do not know what to make of opinions of this sort, but I do know that the part condemned as unsuitable is one of the best portions of road in this part of the country, and that on this particular bench there is sufficient gravel to ballast the road from Crows' Nest to Lundbeck. You remember the dirt grade west of Passburg. Well, that has been graded up a little higher. Before, in dirty weather,

when you sunk down about the depth of your car axle, you struck hard pan; now you will be able to go two feet deeper before you get hard ground, and say, if you ever get off into the ditch, that is not the worst description, you will need a C.P.R. wrecking outfit to get back on the road again. Take note of the new road across Maple Leaf flat, it parallels the old road, and cuts up one of the few arable pieces of land in the Pass, and what have they gained? Nothing but a dangerous sharp curve going into Maple Leaf. Passing through Maple Leaf and Bellevue, you will notice that no consideration was given to owners of property. Contractors were allowed to dig in front of buildings any depth they had a mind to. Pedestrians have no place on the road, and there is no provision made for walking at the side of the road.

The minister of public works (and please note he was elected as a representative of Labor) and his so-called staff of competent engineers, in ignoring the rights and conveniences of citizens who have built and resided on this highway for fifteen and twenty years, has demonstrated that our much-boasted democracy is only a myth; that an elected representative of Labor can be as tyrannical in office, and perhaps more so, than any so-called capitalist.

Huge sums of public money have been spent on this new highway. Cost evidently is no consideration at all. Grading up a highway may be a necessity on low marshy land where the fill is generally soft on which vegetation will in time take root and protect the slopes, but on these gravel roads here, where the foundation is solid, the system is wrong, both from an economic and from a safety point of view.

We will get good roads here, but it will be when we get practical men to lay them out, and section men to look after them.

JOHN KERR.

Johnnie's Choice

Auntie: "Johnny, which would you rather Santa Claus would send you—a little baby brother or a little baby sister?"

Johnny: "Well, auntie, if it's all the same to Santa Claus, I would rather have a wheelbarrow."

THE SPEED OF THE STARS

Runaway stars and new variable stars that periodically become bright and then faint are being discovered by Prof. Frank E. Ross, of the Yerkes Observatory, as a result of the study of photographic plates in the observatory's files.

Various fields of stars, largely in the Milky way, were photographed by Prof. E. E. Barnard, who used the Bruce photographic telescope. This instrument is a camera with several lenses, the largest ten inches in diameter, and it is mounted so as to follow the stars in their apparent daily motion across the skies. Thus these photographs show the sky as it appeared about two decades ago. To discover what has happened in the interval, Prof. Ross is comparing them with similar photographs which he is making of the same regions through the Bruce telescope.

To compare two pictures, each showing thousands of tiny dots representing stars, all but half a dozen of which are precisely the same, and to locate the ones that have moved or otherwise in the interval, would seem like a hopelessly complicated task, but the use of an ingenious instrument known as the blink microscope makes it relatively easy. This consists of what might be called a double periscope. One photographic plate is placed at each end. By osculating a small lever, the observer can see first one and then the other in as rapid succession as he desires.

The stars are the same on each plate and undergo no change in appearance, but if one has moved, between the two exposures, it seems to dance to and fro as the lever is moved. If a star has varied in light, the image dot seems to grow larger and smaller, while if a new star has burst out, its image will appear and disappear.

So far Prof. Ross has examined twenty-five pairs of plates in this way and has found more than 150

rapidly moving, or "proper motions stars," and forty variables, that were not known before. Some of the proper motion stars are moving faster than two seconds of an arc a year, which in about 900 years would take them over a distance equal to the moon's apparent diameter in the sky. This may not seem very rapid, but the most rapid star in the sky known to astronomers, which was also discovered by Prof. Barnard, is only moving about five times this speed. And of the countless legions of stars only about 200 have been known up to the present that move faster than one second of an arc a year.

But these plates only measure across the sky, and if a star happens to be moving directly to or from the earth its motion will not be apparent. Such motion, called radial velocity, may be detected by analyzing the star's light in a spectroscope, for the light waves are crowded together from an approaching star, and spread out if it is receding. A similar effect makes a fire engine bell, for example, seem shriller when coming toward one than when going away.

For three nights a week, when weather permits, the great 40-inch refracting telescope at Yerkes, the largest of its kind in the world, is used to make these spectrum photographs. This work was begun by Prof. Edwin B. Frost, director of the observatory, and is now being carried on by Prof. Barrett and Dr. Otto Struve. Dr. Struve is a young Russian astronomer, and belongs to the third generation of a family of astronomers that includes some of the best known names in the history of the science.

Up-To-Date

"Doesn't it strike you that a queer-shaped harp that new woman-angel is lugging around?" asked St. Peter with a perplexed frown.

"That isn't a harp, that's a radio set," answered Gabriel. "She's listening in on her husband's howls from Station HLL."

CHRISTMAS HINTING TIME

I like spring. It's good to see Young buds sprouting on the tree And I love the gentle way Of the glorious month of May, When it's summer time, the bees And the song birds, if you please, Seem to hold my interest. Telling me that summer's best: Then I think an early fall Is the finest time of all, But right now I give my praise To these Christmas hinting days. Christmas brings so much of joy It must be I am still a boy, And I chuckle low to see How they work their tricks on me, Chuckle low to see those eyes Still so youthful, but so wise, Innocent, but filled with guile, Seeking something all the while, Dolls and carts and aeroplanes, Drums and horns and sturdy trains. It would take a book to print Every artful Christmas hint.

Look at that most radiant pair And the mother smiling there! Wouldn't any man today If a group like that he had? Wouldn't any man today Love the clever game they play, And with laughter fairly shake At the hints they boldly make? These are days so filled with fun I'll be sorry when they're done. Happiest time of all is when Christmas hinting starts again.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Tom: "I hear your sister has got engaged to a struggling young bar-rister."

Dick: "Yes, he did struggle, but he didn't get away."

Another Imprint

A little girl, who had learned to read, had this conversation with her mother:

"Mother, was your name Pullman before you were married?"

"No, dear; why do you ask?"

"Well, I just wondered. I see that name on most of our towels."

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS TO ALL

May You and Yours Enjoy
A Happy Christmas
and Prosperous New Year

West Canadian Collieries
Limited

Blairmore

Greenhill

Bellevue

ASKING NO QUESTIONS

The following verses have been handed in to us by a local macaroni farmer:

In his armchair in his sanctum
Sat the president of the board;
To the oil king he was writing:
"What rare good your gifts afford,
To the poor benighted heathen!"
—And we heartily disclaim
All intentions of rude questions
As to how you got the same.
We have met in solemn conclave
And have voted, as you see:
We're as thankful as can be
To your christian charity,
And the never failing bounty
And the providence of God."

At the door there was a knocking,
In there crept a low-brow thief.
Said the good man "Why, dear brother—
er,

What you good 'twill be relief!"
Said the knave, "I've tapped a till;
Will you divvy and keep still?"
Smiled the other, "My good friend
I could hope your ways would mend;
But I'll take your gold, you see
We've as thankful as can be
To your christian charities,
And the never failing bounty
And the providence of God."

Next there came in tinsel wrapping
A poor woman, steeped in shame.
"I have brought you, Mr. President,
These few dollars, bless my name!"
"Are you meaning to repent?"
"I have not the least intent!"
So she answered. But he cried:
"Gifts are not to be denied.
So we've voted and you see
We're as thankful as can be
To your christian charities,
And the never failing bounty
And the providence of God."

Then a gentleman came smiling
With an aspect kind and bland;
Nicely groomed and dressed and port-
ly,

And he grasped the president's
hand.
"Of the fire trust I'm the king,
And a million gifts I bring.
Will you ask my means and meth-
ods?"

"Twere a most discourteous thing!"
Spoke the president. "We have voted
That is none of our concern;
But your name I have forgotten.

Oh, what joy 'twill be to learn
Who's our guardian saint, you see
We're as thankful as can be
To your christian charities,
And the never failing bounty
And the providence of God."

Then the stranger puffed his lips
And he blew a little flame—
Winked one eye, while through the
sanctum

A most sulphurous odor came.

"Tell your naked kangaroos
Swinging under the bamboos,
I'm a pious business gentleman,
Whom some foolish men abuse.
True, I press on to my goal,
Though each penny costs a soul,
Tis the way to honest profits—
These are strictly proper views.
In your donor's good-fat print me,
As the devil, and then see
Just how thankful you can be
To my christian charity,
And the never failing bounty
And the providence of God."

—A Pass Kicker.

—000—

The Yuletide season is with us
again on its annual visit. The shops
are "dolled up" in bright holiday
gizbs. As custom seems to have se-
these days apart for a lot of "riot-
ous giving," many wonderful alluring
wares of all kinds are very temptingly
displayed that the hearts of our
"swimmer folk" be made glad. When
the season is over and the most of us
get back again to more normal liv-
ing, it will be found that a great
many "poor old Dads" have been sepa-
rated from the coins they had been
saving up to pay for the winter's
coal. Such is the uncertainty of life.

—000—

A story comes from one of those
country parishes where both the
squire and clerk are still thriving.
The old vicar, determined to keep on
good terms with the squire, never be-
gan the morning service until the
squire had settled himself in his pew.
One Sunday, however, he inadvertently
began before the squire had ar-
rived. "When the wicked man . . ."
started the vicar, when a loud whis-
per from the clerk echoed down the
church: "He hasn't come yet, sir!"

—000—

An employee of a local store en-
tered Mr. J. R. Gresham's office a few
days ago and asked: "Is this a fire
insurance office?"
"Yes, sir, can I be of service to
you?"
"Perhaps you can. You see, my
employer threatens to fire me next
Saturday and I'd like some protec-
tion."

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CHRISTMAS IN MEXICO

Nowhere in the world is Christmas
so quaintly celebrated as in Mexico.
Anybody visiting that fascinating
country during the middle of Decem-
ber would find the shops packed with
curious jars representing fantastic
animals, flowers, monks, clowns, nuns.
Inside the figure is a jar, sometimes
large, sometimes small. There are
processions in the streets, torches are
waved, songs sung—the whole place
is radiant with happiness. The houses
are, always decorated. In the prin-
cipal room what is known as the
penata—one of the jars referred to—
is suspended from the roof. In the
jar is a collection of sweetmeats and
presents. Folk, old and young, are
in turn blindfolded, spun-around, and
then with a stick are invited to hit
the penata. Of course, this is rarely
accomplished. At last, when one
more fortunate than the others gives
the figure a whack, the jar breaks,
and down on the floor tumbles a med-
ley of sweetmeats and presents. Then
comes a lively scrambling for the
good things strewn about the floor.

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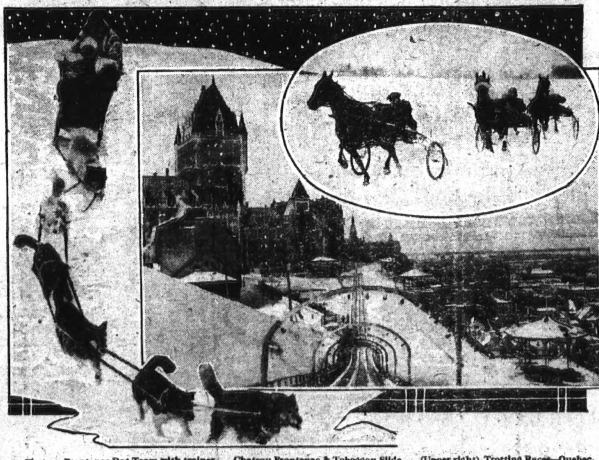
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"Big Game Hunter Lauds Canadian Rockies



Col. Philip Moore, Princeton Graduate, big game
hunter, war veteran, and mountain climber, is so
well known in the Canadian Pacific Rockies that, as one
guide put it, "he hauls a grizzly when it passes him and
takes after its misadventure and the cub."
Ever since Col. Moore first visited the mountainous
regions of Alberta and British Columbia, he has managed
to spend part of each year hunting, camping, and climb-
ing mountains. He returned recently from a summer en-
joyed in Yoho Valley, where he added a few more miles to
his 2,500 mile record on horseback as a member of the
"Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies."
The building of good roads through the mountains and
the resultant growth in automobile traffic is a new
feature which adds greatly to the increase in tourists.
The opening of the Banff Windermere road, and the road
from Lake Louise to Wapta, thus making a splendid
highway all the way from Calgary through the Kicking
Horse pass and the valley of the Yoho, has given tourists
glimpses of wonderful precipitous canyons topped by
some of the most majestic ice-clad peaks in the Rockies.
Then, too, the growth of the bungalow camp idea has
been phenomenal this season. Those whom the palatial
summer hotels do not attract yield to the lure of log
cabins, perched on the shore of a crystal lake, and shad-
dowed by overhanging mountain peaks. With a haversack
on one's back, one may hike from camp to camp, or,
if one does not scorn the saddle, ride a pony along the
leafy trails.
All these pleasures Col. Moore has proved, and intends
to lecture this winter, as he has been doing for a number
of years, about the marvelous beauty of his beloved
mountains. He is not selfish. He wishes others to share
the joys of the "lone trail" which has lured him into
mountain fastnesses ever since he forsook the academic
halls of Princeton.

Jack Frost Brings King Sport to Quebec



What is expected to be the most brilliant winter
season in the history of Quebec was launched in that
city recently with the formation of the Winter Sports
Club which is under the patronage of His Honor the
Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Quebec, Hon.
Narcisse Perreault, Hon. L. A. Taschereau, Premier
of the Province; and Mayor Jos. Samson of Quebec.
The Club has undertaken to arrange the International
College Ski Competition, the International Snow Shoe
Convention, the World Championship Snowshoe races,
and the famous Quebec Dog Derby. The Ski competition
will include a five-mile cross-country race, a ski-jumping
contest, and tests in efficiency including Christiana turns.
Eight-seeing tours and sporting events will follow
in harmonious succession right through the season in
addition to the major events. In the Quebec Open
Amateur Ski meeting in February, clubs from Montreal,
Ottawa, Berlin, N.H., and others will compete. Evid
Nelson, amateur ski champion, and Oliver K. Adair will be
the ski instructors. A lady instructor is to be appointed
and visitors to Quebec will be carefully instructed and
taken out in parties.
As usual, skating will form one of the attractions.
Lars Graftstrom and Mrs. Allan Graftstrom will act as instruc-
tors. Towards the end of January, arrangements have
been made for a skating masquerade on the brilliantly

illuminated open rink outside the Chateau Frontenac,
while another masquerade may be held in February.
The rink will also be available for smaller masquerade
skating affairs.
Moonlight ski-runs and sleighing parties, the brightly
lighted toboggan slide, music from dancing rooms in the
Chateau, all will add to the gaiety and charm of the
carnival. The Dufrin Terrace Toboggan Slide runs
well over a quarter of a mile. A long climb back, but
what a soothing sensation to come flying down a long,
smooth stretch of ice as if the toboggan would never
stop. Five Swiss bob-sleighs have been acquired and
competitions will be arranged some time in February.
Besides the regular hockey league games, negotiations
are in progress to arrange an exhibition game between
Sons of Ireland and a Princeton University team, while
there is also every possibility of having a few ladies
hockey teams. Trips will be made periodically to the
Shrine at St. Anne de Beaupre, Chateau Richer, Mont-
morency Falls and other beautiful sites about the city.
A number of excursions will be made to the Island of
Orleans via the ice bridge with skiing on the return
journey. This novelty is expected to make a decided hit
with tourists.
Fast horses have been trained for ski-joring and will
also compete on a track of beaten snow in trotting races.

To the Citizens of the Crows' Nest
Pass and District we extend
the most cordial

Greetings of The
Season

McLaren Lumber Co.

LUMBER MERCHANTS

Blairmore

Alberta



This Christmas a *Ford*



Any Ford model may be purchased on easy payments from your local authorized Ford dealer. The moderate down payment entitles you to take immediate delivery of your car and you can pay for it at your convenience during the year.

Your local Ford dealer will gladly show you the Ford Christmas Gift Certificate which enables the giver of a Ford to announce the gift in the most fitting manner. Delivery can also be arranged for any desired time on Christmas morning.

SEE YOUR NEAREST AUTHORIZED FORD DEALER

SPACE

(By Hugo Gernsback)

If there is any one subject that can bring hope to us as our human insignificance, as well as the insignificance of our earth, that one thing surely is space.

When we speak of space we refer to the universal, infinite space of Nature. It takes but a minute's reflection to understand that if the solar system is floating in a vast space, wherever you go, into whatever direction, there must be more space; and that if you finally come to the extreme boundaries of our universe, you can not by any possible logic have reached the ends of space, because beyond the universe there must be still more space.

The capacity of the human brain is such that it is impossible to clearly comprehend the tremendous truth behind this simple statement. Nor has the human brain the capacity to think out the infinity of space as a whole.

Just like time, which really does not exist—except in our minds—space has no end, as it has no beginning. If you were to shoot a cannon ball out into free space, and providing it were not to collide with any heavenly body, that cannon ball would roll on at its original speed, not for hundreds, not even for thousands, but for billions and billions of years; without end, without ever coming to a stop.

Either this statement is logical as far as the human mind is concerned, or else it is wrong in its entirety, and if it is then there is no infinity, as we understand the term; but space may actually be finite, and due to some complexity of the human mind we simply cannot understand the problem.

According to Einstein, space is not infinite, but, rather, circular in shape. However, there are few scientists who share Einstein's view in this respect. And the study of the heavens, as our high-powered telescopes and our sensitive photographic plates attest, reveals every so often

new wonders that were not dreamt of before. Every once in a while a new star, so-called "Nova," is discovered, and by calculation it is found that such a star probably collided with another star anywhere from 1000 to 10,000 years ago. We see the evidence of that occurrence only now, because it took the light that long to reach us, even though it travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second.

Photography and systematic observation of the heavens have been with us but a comparatively short time. There were no photographs of the heavens taken further back than 60 or 70 years ago. Some of the stars which look permanent to us now may simply be Novae, as we know that term, on a large scale. In other words, our descendants 1000 years hence may see a heaven totally different than that which we know now, because by that time a great many stars may have become extinguished or new ones added. In other words, many of the stars we are looking at now may have been extinct for hundreds of thousands of years, although we are still witnessing the conflagration as it took place in prehistoric times. Such are the unfathomable distances of stellar space.

We know so little about universal space at the present time that we can only venture a few remarks on the subject. We have very little idea as to the proportion of matter contained in space to space itself. Most likely, however, the matter contained in all space may be compared to it as a grain of sand compares to the ocean—the sand representing the matter, the ocean, space. Yet we know that the various stars, probably in their immediate neighborhood, contain a good deal of cosmic dust, the same as the solar system contains a vast deal of such dust and matter outside of the sun's planets. We have many indications that this must be so, because in the course of ages, several planets, and perhaps many satellites, have been broken up into dust.

Our present asteroids probably constituted a planet at a date far back in the evolution of our solar system, whereas Saturn and its rings show the same thing. If there is any great amount of matter between the various universes, we have no means of knowing, nor have we even a vague idea how far the various universes float apart. The universe to which we belong includes most of the visible stars, but it is most likely that there are millions of other universes, so far removed from us, that it is impossible for light rays to bridge the gulf between these various universes.

As a matter of fact, we have no indication whether our entire universe is resting in space, or is travelling with tremendous speed to some other point in space. The reason is that there is no fixed point anywhere in space from which we could judge that we were moving or not. We now know, of course, that the solar system is moving rapidly towards some point in our universe, but whether our own vast universe is itself moving or not it is impossible to state.

With such vast space to traverse, our own universe could possibly rush through space at a million miles per day without our being any the wiser. We might be rushing right into another universe, somewhere in the depths of space, and might continue doing so for millions of years without the best astronomical instruments being able to indicate such a drift.

All of which goes to show our ignorance as to space and the futility of human reasoning.

The local magistrate was taking coffee at the American Cafe one summer evening, when a golfist remarked that hot coffee was not a good summer drink. "You should take cooling drinks," he advised. "Have you tried gin and ginger beer?"

"No," answered the magistrate, dryly; "but I've tried a number of men who have!"

From Winter's Bite To Summer's Glow



President's Palace and new Plaza at Havana.

the insignificance of a fly on a floor, gazing at a huge piece of a glided brown color, so marked are the indentations shadowing the island's precipitous sides—all ages and points.

The little town on the island is hidden with an African shyness, among palm trees. Some fine buildings, church and government, offset the mile upon mile of negroes' wooden habitations that persist until the foothills of the island's watershed backbone; from below, so solemn in its eminence; from above, so impracticable in its crannies, gullies and rifts. Through the crazy interior splash threading streams and frothy torrents over rocky shelves often garlanded with greenery and rare fronds.

To the north-west where the mountain turbulence subsides, the serried ranks of the sugar-cane are marshalled as far as the eye can see, and banana trees grow in the rich red loam. Ginger roots, the sprouting pineapple, and tobacco are cultivated; but the general heat of the sun aiding and abetting native indolence, breeds theft and petty larceny. So sugar is this island's staple industry. Permission to view a sugar-mill can be obtained. Nor should the experience be missed. The bundles of sugar cane, loaded with sap, are run up an endless sliding band, to be crushed in a mangle, the stems coming out in dry shreds; the rich juices flowing away to the circulators, large drum containers and copper kettles that boil it. Then vases, revolving internally, whisk the juice at high velocity at the breakfast table. A by-product of the process, once thrown away, now as important as its parent industry, is the well-known West Indies rum.

Down grassy slopes by the northern shore where a sea of crystal blue cleaves a strip of shining sand, bathers swim for hours, unwilling to leave the pleasant warmth of the water for the slightly cooler outside air. Leaving New York on January 28 for the West Indies, the Canadian Pacific liner Montroyal makes fifteen ports of call before returning thirty days later. The Montroyal makes a second trip to the West Indies, taking in different ports, leaving New York March 1 and returning March 30. Shore excursions are arranged for ports where interesting sights may be taken in.

She slips out of New York harbor and the Statue of Liberty fades into the wintry mists behind her. It is the good ship Montroyal of the Canadian Pacific Line on her first trip of the season to the West Indies and it is midwinter with all the harshness of that time of year apparent. icy gusts and cold snow falling into the water where ice is floating. In every way the prospect is uninviting and the passengers are below decks in the warmth of well-lighted, gay salons and cabins. A little over twenty-four hours of sailing elapses, and what a change! We are back in the good old summer time.

Small islands pass and reefs so close on either hand that a golf ball thrown from the deck might waken the dormitory of lazy gulls. In the distance there develops like a smoke pall, an immense range of mountains, and it is sunrise over a calm sea steeped in the glories of color almost beyond imagination, while the air is so warm that the lightest of summer clothing is de rigueur.

The landfall grows, as it were, and stands smiling at us: Gliding smoothly along, one feels minute, with

A RUSSIAN LEGEND

One of the strangest of Christmas

stories comes from the snow-bound steppes of Russia. There they have it that an old woman, the Baboushka, was at work in her house when the

"Come with us," they said; "we have seen His star in the East and go to worship Him." "I will come, but not now," she answered; "I have my house to get in order. When that is done I will follow and find Him." But when her work was done the three kings had passed on their way across the desert and the star shone no more in the darkened heavens.

She never saw the Christ-child, but

she is living and searching for Him still. For His sake she takes care of all His children. It is she who in Russian and Italian homes is believed to fill the stockings and dress the tree on Christmas morn'. The children are awakened by the cry of "Behold the Baboushka!" and spring up their way to find the Christ-child, hoping to see her before she vanishes out of the window.

Business people and others who are supporting this special Christmas Greeting Number of The Enterprise are deserving of your heartiest support. Through the columns of the press they express appreciation of your patronage and attest their willingness to serve you even better in the future.

CHRISTMAS EDITION.

We congratulate the Editor of the Hanna Herald on the excellent Christmas issue of the Herald under date of December 10th. The edition containing 26 pages, printed on book paper, was neatly printed and the Christmas advertising was well displayed. Judging by the splendid support given by the Hanna business men it is quite evident that they believe in the liberal use of "Printer's ink" to sell their merchandise.

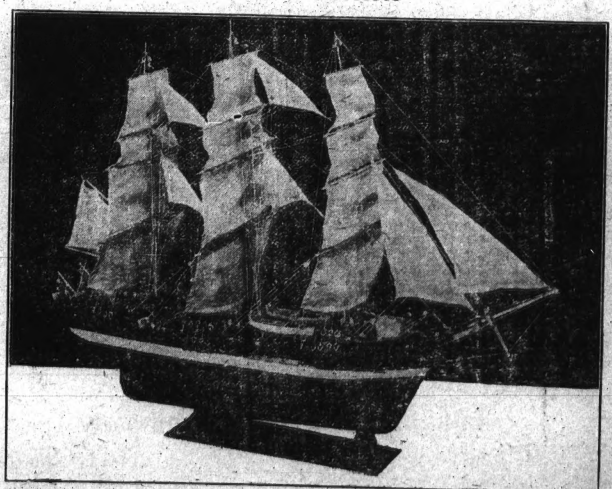
The teacher was examining her class in what she considered the rudiments of history.

"William," she exclaimed, "tell me where Elizabeth was crowned queen." "On the head, ma'am."

We wish you a Merry Christmas
Right heartily;
Lots of friends to give you greeting;
A day filled with blessings.

Hillcrest Collieries Limited
HILLCREST, ALBERTA

"Almost Obsolete"



A model of the "Mary Faulkner," the first Donaldson Line ship. This miniature was specially made for exhibition and to show the growth of the Trans-Atlantic Trade. The passenger vessels of the Cunard and Anchor-Donaldson Lines coming to Montreal alone aggregate over 100,000 tons.

THE BLAIRMORE ENTERPRISE

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Blairmore, Alberta.
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Display Advertising Rates on Application.

W. J. BARTLETT, PUBLISHER

Blairmore, Alta., Mon., Dec. 21, 1926

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

When Christmas comes I'd like to sing, of holly wreaths and bells that ring of joy and not of sadness; I'd like to write a fragrant poem of happiness within the home, striking a note of gladness. I'd like to rhyme 'bout all my friends and wish them joy that never ends, this year or ever after; I'd like to rhyme 'bout mistletoe and cheery hearths that brightly glow and ring with happy laughter. I'd like to rhyme 'bout Santa Claus and all the happy Paws and Maws, filling their kiddies socks with skate and sleds and radios, with rouge and lip-stick, silken hose and dolls and books and blocks. I'd like to rhyme of married guys, receiving brilliant home-made ties and fifty headed spats; I'd like to rhyme of kids in slums and how their empty tums were filled by plutocrats with turkey washed down with moselle, mince mince pie and pudding, muscatello, and many a candy cane; I'd like to sing a ribald tune of Pop all Christmas afternoon playing with Sonny's trua.

I'd like to rhyme of glistening snow and merchants gathering in the dough and glad prosperity; I'd like to rhyme of punch in bowls and merry songs of kindred souls slightly off the key.

I'd like to wish you Christmas cheer and Happiness in the New Year, with never a tear of sigh; but I am just a roughneck poet and I can't rhyme these rhymes and know it, so



:- To Our Friends and Patrons We Extend the Season's Best Greetings :-

I won't even try.—W. J. B. in Commercial Review.

"That's a very nice coat your wife wears," said a man to one of his friends. "You must be making a lot of money these days."

"As a matter of fact," answered the other, "she got that coat by accident."

"By accident?"

"Yes. The other night the hall was dark when I arrived home. I saw a figure standing near the hatstand. I went up and whispered: 'Mary, give me a kiss.'"

"But I thought your wife's name was Kate."

"So it is. That's how she got the coat."

WORST SKUNK OR THEM ALL

A preacher of recognized sincerity and humility expresses our opinion precisely in the following words.

"The years and more of public service have brought us face to face with every kind of character. It is but to tell the truth to say that as between gossipers and other moral proverbs, I put the gossip at the bottom of the list. The drunkard, the gambler, the thief, the murderer, are all white and shining angels in my judgment, as compared with the gossip. May heaven rid us of these long-tongued vipers that suck the blood of the good names and pure character like some famished leech of torment."

NO MIND OF HIS OWN

(By Dr. C. M. Hincks, Medical Director, Canadian National Committee for Mental Hygiene)

Indecision is a habit that weakens personal relations with friends and seriously endangers success in work.

The "hair trigger" person who thinks too quickly and often unwisely is at a disadvantage; so is his opposite—the one who cannot think for himself.

Invariably, the defect of a wavering mind goes back to family training in childhood. The mother and father have probably not permitted the youngster to make a movement without direction or permission. Over anxious parents make their children helplessly dependent. They treat their children's efforts lightly, as if they were no worth. They refuse to let them run risks to develop their own abilities. Placing responsibilities on them and compelling them to surmount difficulties, to solve their own problems, will develop self reliance and initiative, necessary qualities if later life is to be worth while.

Parents cannot always be at hand to shove obstacles out of their children's paths; they should rather teach them to expect and to face difficulties.

The bank of contentment has no interest for us until we have made it a deposit of service.

Our girl is so modest that she has to go into the next room to change her mind.

Jenkins and Moffat, Blairmore's vaudeville artists, added considerably to the programme of the "Charley's Aunt" play at Coleman on Friday night. They repeatedly knocked down the house.

TO HOME BANK DEPOSITORS

Mr. G. G. Henderson, of Fernie, will be in Blairmore Tuesday (tomorrow), December 22nd, for the one day only, to meet those who have not yet filed claims against the Home Bank.

He will also have with him cheques for some of those who have already filed claims, and desires to deliver these personally to the claimants.

There are some depositors at Coleman who have not yet filed claims, and they are urgently requested to do so at this time.

Mr. Henderson will be at the Cosmopolitan Hotel on Tuesday.

The Empire Entertainers, in seven big acts of unequalled vaudeville, will appear at the Orpheum theatre on Christmas afternoon and night.

THE SMILE COLUMN

Farmer: "Be this the woman's exchange?"

Woman: "Yes."

Farmer: "Be ye the woman?"

Woman: "Yes."

Farmer: "Well then, I'll keep Maggie, I guess."

"Eating too much is bound to shorten your life," observed the doctor.

"That's right," agreed the farmer. "Pigs would live a good deal longer if they didn't make hogs of themselves."

A village is a place where one can be a cheik on \$15 a week.

Two's company, three's "local interference."

To all the Citizens of Blairmore and the Crows' Nest Pass we extend the

Season's Greetings



BLAIRMORE IRON WORKS LIMITED

Phone 144

Blairmore



A Gift that Increases in Value

Presentation Covers are provided for Christmas Gift Books.

WHAT DID YOU GIVE LAST CHRISTMAS? Toys for the kiddies—most of them broken by now. "Something useful" for the grown-ups—now worn out or forgotten. Cash to your employees—appreciated but soon spent. Other presents—hurriedly bought and perhaps ill-chosen. Are they remembered now?

Suppose this year you give them each a Bank Book containing an initial deposit, and urge them to add to it regularly. Could anything be more suitable?

Add "Royal Bank Pass Books" to your list of Christmas Gifts.

The Royal Bank of Canada

NEW STATION AT JASPER NATIONAL PARK



IN architectural keeping with its surroundings, a handsome new station has been built by the Canadian National Railways at Jasper, Alta., the headquarters of Jasper National Park, to replace the structure which was destroyed by fire about one year ago. The new building, which is of natural boulders and stucco construction, provides ample room for the heavy tourist traffic which has developed to Canada's largest national park. In addition to comfortable waiting rooms, the building includes restaurant, baggage and express quarters as well as accommodation for a Canada customs officer, who is stationed there for the convenience of American and overseas visitors during the summer months.

WISHING YOU A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND PROSPEROUS AND JOYOUS NEW YEAR

G. K. SIRETT

Painter to the People of the Crows' Nest Pass
BELLEVUE ALBERTA

WISHING the People of The Crows' Nest Pass THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

A. CARSWELL

SERVICE—QUALITY—PRICE
THE L.B.K. STORE LUNDRECK, ALBERTA

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS To the People of The Crows' Nest Pass

SARTORIS & BIELLI
DRAVING CONTRACTORS

BLAIRMORE ALBERTA

Wishing All a Happy Christmas and a Glad and Prosperous New Year

E. M. NEVILLE
MEN'S CLOTHES SPECIALIST

BLAIRMORE ALBERTA

We take this opportunity to thank
our Customers for their patronage in the past
and Wish One and All
The Season's Best Greetings

The Blaimore Barbers
ALF. LINK M. JENSEN
HARTLEY UPHAM

We Greet You One and All and offer you the Best Menu that Christmas can provide

TEA KETTLE INN
Xmas Dinner 4 to 7 p.m. at 75c

BLAIRMORE ALBERTA

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS TO ALL

E. J. POZZI

CONTRACTOR and BUILDER
BLAIRMORE ALBERTA

Wishing All a Happy Christmas and Prosperous New Year

P. UBERTINO
BLAIRMORE BARGAIN COUNTERS AND VARIETY STORE
BLAIRMORE, ALBERTA

To Our Patrons A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

CHARLES BIAFORE
FRESH FRUITS, GROCERIES
Big Bargains in Apples (all kinds) and Jap Oranges
BLAIRMORE, ALBERTA

THE SEASON'S BEST WISHES

C. J. TOMPKINS
Agent Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada
BLAIRMORE, ALBERTA

"PLAY SCOUT BALL"

Everybody admires a good sportsman. All of us like to be considered good sportsmen. And we like to believe that Canadians as a whole are all round good-sportsmen.

But have we reason to be sure of that? The criticism has been made that we have lost much of the spirit of true sportsmanship through the influence of baseball, particularly the "razing" of home players who make errors, the baiting of umpires, etc. As an extreme example of this you may recall the newspaper story, a short while ago, of a prominent Brooklyn national league player who announced that he and several others of the team were seriously considering giving up the game, because of the extremely unpleasant remarks continuously thrown at them from the grand stands and bleachers.

What has been your own experience at baseball games? Have you not many times heard the crowd howl mockingly when some player, doing his best, fumbled a ball, or at some exciting moment made a misplay?

And have you not frequently heard a crowd, when a home pitcher, previously heroized, has lost control, yell angrily and derisively, "Take him out! Take him out! ... ?" Did you ever hear anyone call out, when a pitcher was knocked from the box and walked depondently from the field, "Never mind, old chap, you'll get them over next time?" Very seldom—although it has been recorded. It was pleasant to read in one newspaper account of the closing incidents of the deciding game of this year's big league championship that the excited Pittsburgh crowd became silent as Walter Johnson, the great Washington pitcher, passed toward the gate, and hand over hand reached to grasp his and many a time he was told, "We're sorry, Walter, that I had to be you!"

It is an unfortunate fact, however, that this spirit is seldom born by one's own crowd. And the attitude seems to have crept into the rest of our sports. At rugby, soccer, and hockey games, decisions which do not favor the home team are very frequently booed and hissed. There have been in tances of crowds in certain sections at prize-money hockey matches throwing things upon the ice in order to trip the players. Another angle of bad sportsmanship is amateur baseball or hockey, particularly in small town leagues, is the ringing in of outside players, calling them "Simon Pures," and paying in some surreptitious way for their services.

As to Canadian athletes themselves, their present day standard of sportsmanship is as high as one could find anywhere. While such things as "na king" good men, and "putting them out of business," has not been unknown, this has greatly diminished during recent years, and today our boys generally play the game straight, accept the rulings of the referee, and take their knocks in good temper. In this our colleges are setting a splendid lead.

Here is an incident which has passed into the sporting traditions of McGill as a sample of "McGill sportsmanship":

Some three or four years ago during the annual cross-country run between McGill and Toronto universities, held at Montreal, Wiggins, the McGill long distance star, was running in second place some little distance behind a Toronto runner, Wiggins knew every inch of the course. On arriving at a certain point, he discovered that the "Varsity" man had taken the wrong turn. Wiggins halted, shouted, and brought back the "Varsity" runner, set him on the right road, and allowed him to regain his previous lead before following. And the Toronto man won the race. In other words, although certain victory was offered through his opponent's error, Wiggins refused to take advantage of it—he would win or lose only on a fair test of speed.

Here is another example of the same kind. Some fifteen years ago the tennis team representing England against the United States in the world championship Davis cup tournament included the famous Doherty brothers. In one of the singles matches one of the brothers was given a point for a ball which he saw cut the black line, instead of clearing it. On the next play he deliberately allowed his opponent to score a point. He would not accept an advantage which he did not think he was entitled to, even when the point had been given him by the judge of play.

After these stories let us read this paragraph from a newspaper account of one of the world series baseball games of this year between Washington and Pittsburgh:

"Stanley Harris showed a nifty piece of baseball strategy when he ordered Johnson to pass Meadows (the Pittsburgh pitcher) in the third. The be-spectated tosser was paraded to first with one down and was found to play the game that way—and even if the fellows we are up against don't 'play the game,' Mount Allison University has earned a fine name for good sportsmanship among the Canadian Maritime colleges. A few years back their rugby team was playing against another team not always noted in this respect. As the game began going against them, the other team began using unsportsmanlike methods. At once from the Mount Allison supporters came the cry, 'Play Mount A. ball, boys! Mount A. ball!' That is, 'Play square and clean, no matter what the other fellows play.'"

Let us in our sports make a point of always playing "Scout ball." And let us set that kind of example of good sportsmanship when we are among the onlookers. Of course you will want to see your school or home team win—that is perfectly natural—but never allow your own wish to see it win except on its merits, and when playing the game fair and square. That is, Scouting in sport. Let's always play "Scout ball."—The Scout Leader.

Here is another Canadian college story, an incident of the kind you would like to have taken part in:

Last year Queens and Varsity were playing the deciding game of the rugby championship, at Toronto. Queens—was two points in the lead. Varsity apparently had a chance of scoring. Batstone, of Queens, one of the most brilliant rugby players of recent years, had the sole turn from his shoe. According to the rules this did not stop the game; Batstone would go off, and a substitute be sent in. Immediately, however, Captain Snider of Varsity, ordered the game halted, and waited until Batstone could replace the torn shoe and return to the line-up. And Queens won the game and the championship.

The test of sportsmanship at games is not always confined to those on out.

ing the Maritime intercollegiate rugby final between the University of New Brunswick and Mount Allison, the deciding moment and apparent victory for N.B. came with a run and touchdown during the last few minutes of play. There was a question, however, whether the runner had not stepped over the side line. The linesman, Greg Feeney, of N.B., was appealed to—and declared that the runner had stepped over. This meant the nullifying of the score, and "down" opposite the point of running out. In the tension of the moment the N. B. team and its supporters gathered excitedly about the linesman. "He stepped over. What else could I say?" Feeney insisted. The ball was brought back, and N.B. lost the match and championship. But that fact, and the score of the game, will be forgotten long before Greg Feeney's example of courageous good sportsmanship in a trying situation.

That is the kind of good sportsmanship that is expected of Scouts. Let us make sure that we always play the game that way—and even if the fellows we are up against don't "play the game," Mount Allison University has earned a fine name for good sportsmanship among the Canadian Maritime colleges. A few years back their rugby team was playing against another team not always noted in this respect. As the game began going against them, the other team began using unsportsmanlike methods. At once from the Mount Allison supporters came the cry, "Play Mount A. ball, boys! Mount A. ball!" That is, "Play square and clean, no matter what the other fellows play.""

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The lack of removal are the kind that let the air out. The tax to remove is the kind that lets the air out.

CHRISTMAS OMENS

There are thousands today who firmly believe that to light the Yule log with the charred remains of its predecessor of a year ago means twelve months of good luck for the provident householder and his family. But it has always been considered an evil omen if a squinting person, a bare-footed person, or, worst of all, a flat-footed woman enters the room while the log is burning.

In Devonshire, the Yule log, to be a luck-bringer, must consist of a bundle of ash-sticks bound around with bands of the same tree, nine in number—no more and no fewer; and every time the faggot cracks in the flames the good host must furnish a fresh bowl of wassail to his guests.

Then what superstitions cluster, thick as its berries, round the mistletoe! In olden times such were its magic powers that it was worn as an amulet, and potent love-potions were brewed from it. It cured wounds; enabled any who held it, not only to see ghosts but to compel them to speak; and that its magic is not all lost will be proved this Christmase in thousands of our homes, where its white berries lend sanction to the osculatory homage paid to pretty faces.

RIDDLES

What is the correct thing to put into mince pie?

Your teeth.

How many sides are there to a Christmas cake?

Two! The outside and the inside. What is it that smells most at a Christmas dinner?

The nose.

Which toe never has a corn?

Mistletoe.

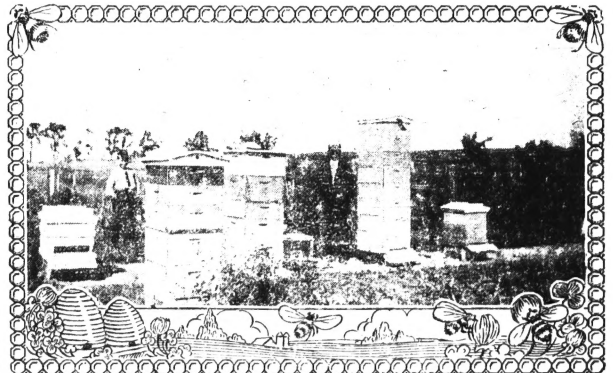
If U, V, W, X, Y and Z were invited to a Christmas party, what time would they arrive?

Just after T (tea).

"Here is that suit I bought of you last week," said the angry customer to the tailor. "You said you would return my money if it was not satisfactory."

"That's what I said," responded the polite tailor, rubbing his hand: "but I am happy to tell you that I found the money to be entirely satisfactory."

Manitoba Bees Set out to Make a Record



Who ever heard of a hive of bees that in one day gathered no less than 25 pounds of honey? If anyone doubts that the busy bee can be as busy as all that, refer him to Mr. W. D. Wright who has a large and prosperous apiary near Souris, which is in southern Manitoba on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and if anybody doubts the fertility of the Province of Manitoba or wonders if the summer sun is shining down on wide fields of glorious bloom, let him read the following which is gathered from the columns of the "Souris Plaindealer."

It was on July 31st last that the hive of bees headed which Mr. Wright stands in the above picture gathered and stored the twenty-five pounds, and established a record for this continent and perhaps for the whole world. There was no doubt about its being true, because the Provincial Department of Agriculture made the test. From July 13 to August 3, the hive stood on a scale and every evening when the bees' work was done and they had gathered around their friend to talk it over, the weight of the hive was taken. The first gain was on July 14 when 1 1/2 pounds was brought in and from that quantity the daily take varied up to 14 and 16 pounds. But on July 31 the bees got together and made a special effort just to show what they could do in the way of establishing records.

Perhaps they had just discovered that their efforts were being recorded. Any way we can imagine that the night before, the queen called the crowd together, or perhaps only the captains of teams, and said something like this:

"Now, boys, the world's got its eye on you and tomorrow's the day we go over the top. Any lad that comes in here with less than his full load gets into trouble and

the chap or team bringing in the biggest bag gets a wax medal with my picture on one side and his own name on the other."

And how they worked that day! They worked all the other days of the season too, because the total honey produce for the season was 486 1/2 pounds. Of course there were two or three rainy days when they stayed at home and did chores around the hive, and two or three other days when it didn't rain, but they stayed home anyway to look after the local elections or something like that. And when it was all over no doubt the queen said: "Well, it's been a pretty good working season, I'll tell the world," and as always in the case the Queen was right.

Having proved her superiority as an organizer etc., it was natural that wider spheres of endeavour should call to this queen, so Mr. Wright shipped her to a big Bee firm in Alabama who are sending him another queen now, ten of her daughters next spring and three two-pound packages of bees with three more of her daughters in command. The trade was worth \$15 to the Florida Apianes. The leaving, capturing and caging ready for exportation of the Wright queen was witnessed by J. W. Hensley, M.L.A., and a representative of the Plaindealer. She was indeed a very fine lady and was head of an enormous population that objected pretty strenuously to her removal, and you cannot really blame them for that.

Mr. Wright's Florida Apianes this year produced almost four tons of honey and he hopes that next year Southern Manitoba and the neighborhood of Souris in particular will again show the world something startling in the way of honey production. In the meantime our friend the queen will continue her campaign for a bigger and better honey crop.

I have always thought of Christmas as a good time; a kind, forgiving, generous pleasant time; a time when men and women seem by one consent to open their hearts freely and so I say—God Bless Christmas.—Dickens.



Yuletide Greetings

Swiftly onward time doth fly
Here is Christmas coming nigh.
Little children laugh and sing,
Saying,—"What will Santa bring?"
Joy and gladness fill the air,
Bid adieu to carping Care,
Sing the song of Peace on earth,
Celebrate our Saviour's birth.

Give with loving hearts so true,
'Tis what Christ would have us do.
He has the example set
The poor are here, do not forget.
Ring the joy bells, mortals sing
Praises to our Heavenly King.
Scatter presents far and wide,
Ever in God's love abide.

AMERICAN CAFE CHRISTMAS MENU

Soup	
Cream of Oyster, Free with Dinner	
Chicken Broth, Cream Chowder, 25c	
Boiled B.C. Spring Salmon, 25c	
Chicken Halibut Steak, 25c	
Olympia Oyster Cocktail, 40c	
Lobster Patties, 35c	
Entrées	
Port Chops with fried apple, 35c	
Veal Steak, French mushroom, 35c	
Chicken Liver Omlette, 25c	
Roasts	
Alberta Young Turkey, 40c	
Spring Chicken, stuffed, 40c	
Leg of Pork, apple sauce, 35c	
Vegetables	
Steamed and Mashed Potatoes, 10c	
Sugar Corn, saute au butter, 10c	
Special Orders	
Sliced Tomatoes, Stick Celery, 25c	
French Fried Sweet Potatoes, 25c	
Fried Spring Chicken, half, 75c	
Fried Spring Chicken, whole, \$1.00	
T Bone Steak, mushroom sauce, 65c	
Veal T Bone or Sirloin Steak, 55c	
Chicken Noodle, 45c	
Pork Noodle, 45c	
Fresh Oysters, any style	
Salads	
Lettuce or Shrimp, 40c	
Chicken or Combination, 50c	
Dessert	
Christmas Plum Pudding, 10c	
Strawberry Jelly, whipped cream, 15c	
Pies	
Hot Mince, Raisin, Apple, 10c	
Cranberry, Lemon, 10c	
Boston Cream, Christmas Cake, 15c	
Nuts, Fruits, Cheese, 15c	

Merry Xmas
and a
Prosperous New Year
to all
IS THE WISH OF THE

Blairmore Vulcanizing
and Battery Station
W. M. Bush, Prop.—Phone 267
BLAIRMORE, ALBERTA

WESTERN CANADA WHOLE-
SALE CO., LTD.
EXTEND TO THEIR
CUSTOMERS AND FRIENDS
IN THE PASS
BEST WISHES FOR A
HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND A
PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

Western Canada
Wholesale Co., Ltd.
Ferne, B.C.

The Christian Community of
Universal Brotherhood
of Alberta, Limited
Blairmore, Alberta

Extend to all
Their Friends and Patrons
The Season's Best Greetings—
We carry
Flour, Fresh Apples (9 kinds),
Vegetables, Etc.

Two Store—Corners Fifth Ave.
and Twelfth Ave. on Victoria St.

Extending
To All
The Season's Greetings

W. A. BEEBE
Real Estate and Insurance
BLAIRMORE, ALBERTA



We have hundreds of Gift Suggestions
that will please your gentlemen friends,
at very reasonable prices. The stock is of
the very best. Call in and look it over.

— A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU —

JOHN A. KERR
High-Class Men's Furnishings
BLAIRMORE ALBERTA

To Our Many Friends and Patrons
of the Crows' Nest Pass we extend
Christmas Greetings and Best Wishes
for a Happy and Prosperous New Year

Calgary Brewing & Malting Co.

W. Bell, District Agent, Grand Union Hotel, Coleman

This advt. not inserted by the Alberta Liquor Control
Board or the Government of the Province of Alberta.



Jest 'Fore Christmas

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will,
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill!
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—rather be a boy,
Without them sashes, curls an' things that's worn by Faunt-
leroy!

Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake—
Hate to take the castor-ile, they give for tummy-ache!
Most of the time, the whole year round, there ain't no flies
on me,
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yellor dog named Sport, sic him on the cat;
First thing she knows she doesn't know where she is at!
Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out to slide,
'Long comes the grocery sleigh, an' we all hook a ride!
But sometimes when the grocery man is worried an' cross,
He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups up his hoss,
An' then I laff and holler, "Oh, ye never teched me!"
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I get to be a man,
I'll be a missionarier like her oldest brother, Dan,
As was et by the cannibals that lives in Ceylon's Isle,
Where every prospeck pleases, an' only man is vile!
But gran'ma she has never been to see a Wild West Show,
Nor read the Life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd know
That Buff'lo Bill an' cowboys is good enough for me!
Excep' jest 'fore Christmas, when I'm as good as I kin be!

—Eugene Field.

We Wish the People of the Crows' Nest Pass
A MERRY CHRISTMAS
and
A HAPPY NEW YEAR

BELLEVUE INN

Stan. Walker, Prop.

Dining Room Phone 188D Baths
Steam Heated Fully Modern
BELLEVUE ALBERTA

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE
CROWS' NEST PASS WE EXTEND OUR
HEARTIEST GREETINGS

Crows' Nest Pass Motors

Complete Lines of Radios and Equipment

Dealers in Chevrolet and Studebaker Cars

Phone 105

BLAIRMORE ALBERTA

Wishing All the
COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

SCOTT'S GROCERY
High-Class Groceries and Provisions

Phone 222
BLAIRMORE ALBERTA

TO you, whose business helps make
ours successful, we express our
warm appreciation and cordially wish
you a Happy & Prosperous New Year

The Terrill Floral Company

Growers and Retail Dealers of
CHOICE CUT FLOWERS, HOUSE AND GARDEN PLANTS
LETHBRIDGE, ALBERTA

The Season's Greetings to All
the People of
the Crows' Nest Pass and District

F. M. THOMPSON CO.
GENERAL MERCHANTS

Phones: Main Store 25, Greenhill Store 28
BLAIRMORE ALBERTA